# JUDGE

AUGUST 15, 1925 ★
PRICE 15 CENTS

LARGER
CIRCULATION
THAN ANY OTHER
HUMOROUS
WEEKLY
IN THE
WORLD

"PUTTING ONE OVER"

# A GALAXY *of* GRACEFUL GLOWING GIRLS

**"The Compleat Angler"**

*By Enoch Bolles*

A beautiful reproduction with all the appeal and full color brilliancy of the original painting. Printed on heavy Art Mat, size 8¼ x 11¼ inches, it expresses the beauty of both color and form.

Carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of

**$1.00**

**"A Gulf Streamline Model"**

*By Enoch Bolles*

Another beautiful reproduction which portrays all the vivacity of budding, sparkling youth. A companion print for "The Compleat Angler." Printed on heavy Art Mat, size 8¼ x 11¼ inches, in the full color of the original painting.

Carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of

**$1.00**

**"The Busybody"**

*By Sam Brown*

A tantalizing and appealing picture that is a wonderful delineation of virile living motion. Our reproduction in all the vivid coloring of the painting is from the engraver's original plates. Printed on heavy Art Mat, size 8¼ x 11¼ inches.

Carefully packed and sent postpaid upon receipt of

**$1.00**

*When ordering ask for Proof Sheets of Judge Art Prints*

# JUDGE

## 627 West 43d Street, New York

JUDGE, Volume 89, No. 2285, August 15, 1925. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 21, 1881, at the Post-Office at New York City, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879. $5.00 a year. 15¢ a copy. Published Weekly and copyrighted 1925 by Leslie-Judge Co. in the U. S. and Great Britain: Douglas H. Cooke, President; Kendall Banning, Norman Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Joseph T. Cooney, Ass't Treasurer and Ass't Secretary; William Morris Houghton, Secretary; 627 West 43d St., New York, N. Y. Particular attention is called to the fact that every article and picture appearing in JUDGE is protected under the provisions of Section 3 of the Copyright Law of the U. S.
For advertising rates address E. R. Crowe & Company, Inc. New York: 25 Vanderbilt Avenue. Chicago: 225 North Michigan Avenue.

# JUDGE

## From the Ladies!

I'LL remember forever some gifts that I've had
From the various girls I have met—
It was early last May, e'er I left her one day,
That I got a nice belt from Yvette.

There were boots from Belinda that weren't so bad,
And some cuffs from the fair Anna May;
There were socks from Irene that were fancy and mean,
I remember them well to this day.

But the belts and the socks and the boots and the cuffs,
Which these girlies presented to me,
Were not nearly as raw as that punch in the jaw,
That I got last night from Marie.

*Phil Rosa*

*"What did Nathan say to you?"*
*"He said he thought I would do well on the stage!"*
*"That's my objection to the man, he thinks everybody expects him to say something funny!"*

*"How'd you find the water, ol' boy?"*
*"No trouble a'tall—keep straight ahead."*

## EPILAUGHS

*Here lies my friend,*
*Martin Schucks.*
*He turned on the gas*
*So I'd get five bucks.*

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

### Fair Enough

*Small Boy*—Pa, what is a dumb-waiter?

*Pa*—A dumb-waiter, my boy, is a man who has been married ten years and still thinks his wife will be on time when she tells him to wait for her.

***

Jack Dempsey, returning from Europe after his honeymoon, says he's willing to fight anybody now. And she looked like such a sweet girl.

***

A ship with 10,000 gallons of varnish and shellac aboard recently docked in New York. The ultimate consumer wonders how on earth it got by the dry fleet.

## Funnybones

*Sign on the back of a Ford: Not lazy—Just shiftless.*

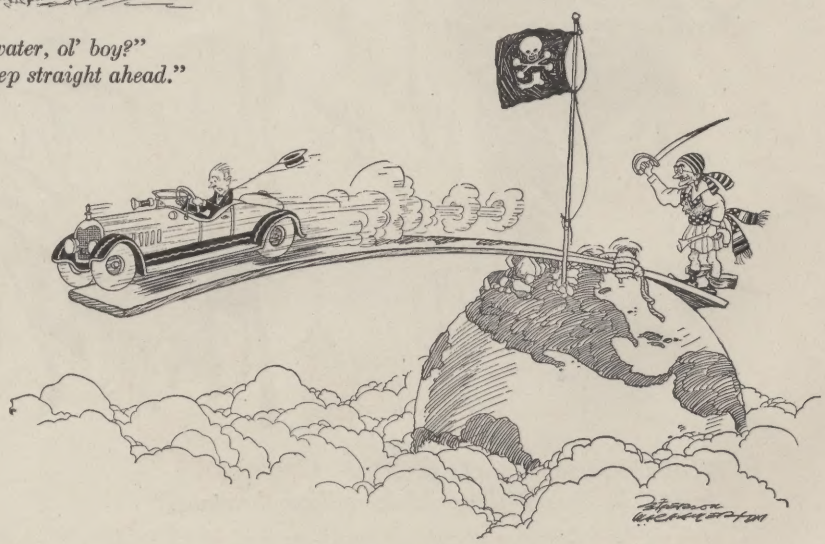
Judge will pay $5 for each one printed

### Parisian Chanson

AN ADVERTISING man's decree:
"If you wore garters round your neck,
You'd change them much more frequently"
—And this may be the truth, by heck!

But if we take him at his word,
Assuming he's a man who knows;
It would be perfectly absurd
To think that they'd hold up our hose.

*Carroll*



*The pedestrian's millennium.*

## EPILAUGHS

*Here lies a man who had*
*full faith*
*In what the ads declare:*
*He bought a pair of rubber*
*heels,*
*And tried to walk on air.*

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

## Getting to Business

NO PHONOGRAPH dealer wants a record-breaking salesman.

Not every captain of industry can dictate to his stenographer even after he marries her.

A sinking fund is that amount of money the boss lays aside to play golf on.

Big tips to hat-check girls increase overhead expenses.

Many an office boy convinces his employer that child labor is a mistake.

It often happens that a business man leaves an eight-hour conference at the office, only to get into a longer one at home.

The tired business man is tired from working so hard to get over being tired.

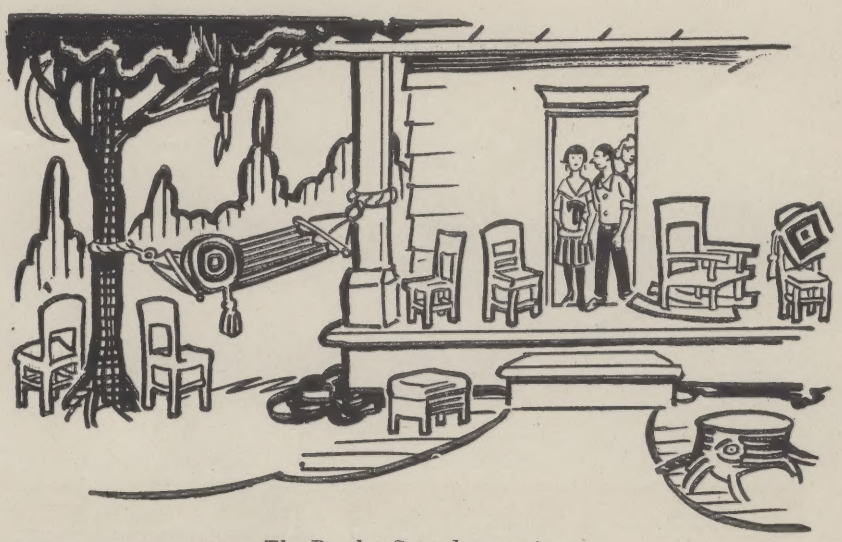
Golfers often mean business.

*Wayne G. Haisley*

## Funnybones

*Some fellows believe in dreams until they marry one.*

Judge will pay $5 for each one printed



*The Porch—Saturday evening.*

*The Porch—Sunday morning.*

*Just a slip of a girl.*

## Why Pay Rent?

"Why pay rent?" asked a circular which we received the other day. We tried to follow the circular's advice, and the first thing we knew we were served with a dispossess notice.

***

It is rumored that two confession magazines are about to be consolidated, retaining the best liars of both.

***

Young people attending college are called "Students" for want of a better name.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

*"Tried to convince his entire harem that he'd been in a conference."*

# HANDBOOK FOR HUSBANDS

Containing

## 1,001 Excuses for Staying Out Nights

by Prof. Abeliar Glibtongue, A.B., C.D.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—JUDGE *is indeed fortunate in obtaining the rights to publish this amazing volume in serial form and we are sure it will prove a great boon to those of our readers who are married. Professor Glibtongue spent twenty years compiling this invaluable handbook and the hazards he went through would make a thrilling story in itself. He has been married six times and is the veteran of three wars.*

*Introduction*

IN gathering data for my treatise on Excuseology I have studied man and his marital relations in every country of the globe. I have heard the home-coming Chinaman cry: "Sitee up with sick friend," to his China eyed spouse; heard the Arabian sheik explain that he got sand in his eyes and couldn't find his way home, and marveled at the stupidity of the Turk who tried to convince his entire harem that he'd been in a conference.

All these experiences, including my six marriage ventures, brought me to the realization that there was a crying need for the development of the science of Excuseology.

Colleges should open courses for this study so that the youth of our country may become expert Excuseologists before they reach a marriageable age. Think of the suffering this would alleviate, how it would decrease the appalling number of divorces, and relieve the crowded condition of our hospitals. True, it would throw hundreds of men out of work through the closing of rolling-pin and stove poker factories, and it would mean the end of the newspaper comic strips; but the money saved and put in savings banks by husbands through not having to buy "guilty conscience" gifts would more than pay for the sacrifice.

I am firmly convinced that this treatise will go down in history along with Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.

(*Excuses, with full directions, begin next week.*)

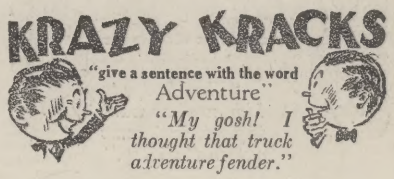
*"Whew! Daring, isn't she?"*
*"Oh, yes, but she comes by it naturally. Her father was a strip artist."*

## A Dream of the Baker's Dosin'

HE WAS bred in Old Kentucky, but
was raised-up in the yeast,
Where he rolled his own and led a
loafer's life;
He was only just a leaven on the
day we said good-by,
And I warned him of the city's
storm and strife.

Now he's gone and gotten married
and I warned him of that too,
As he stood upon the doorstep
long ago,
Now his days of buns are over for he
never touches rye,
And his darling wifie pockets all
his dough.

And the moral of the story, if a
moral you must have,
Is a scintillating, fascinating one;
Though you may look swheat in
childhood to your mamma and
your folks,
You may just turn out to be a hot-
cross pun. *Carroll*



THE ANNUAL FLIGHT

*"Well, it did me a lot of good."*

## KRAZY KRACKS

"give a sentence with the word Nephew"

*"Then I says to him, nephew want to fight, just come out in the alley."*

"The musical saw is assuming a prominent place among jazz instruments. It is especially effective if drawn from left to right across a ukulele."

FAIR PARISHIONER—*You will be marrying me next Wednesday, sir. I'm so excited, I hardly know my own mind!*

VICAR—*Your intended, I imagine, must be in a similar condition.*

### Proverbs Written in an Apartment

THE bigger the dining-room, the smaller the bedroom.

The lower the ceiling, the closer the floor.

The thinner the wall, the louder the music.

The rougher the floor, the bigger the splinter.

The noisier the family upstairs, the looser the plaster.

The earlier the alarm clock, the surer the milk.

The smaller the tub, the greater the spill. *R. C. O'Brien*

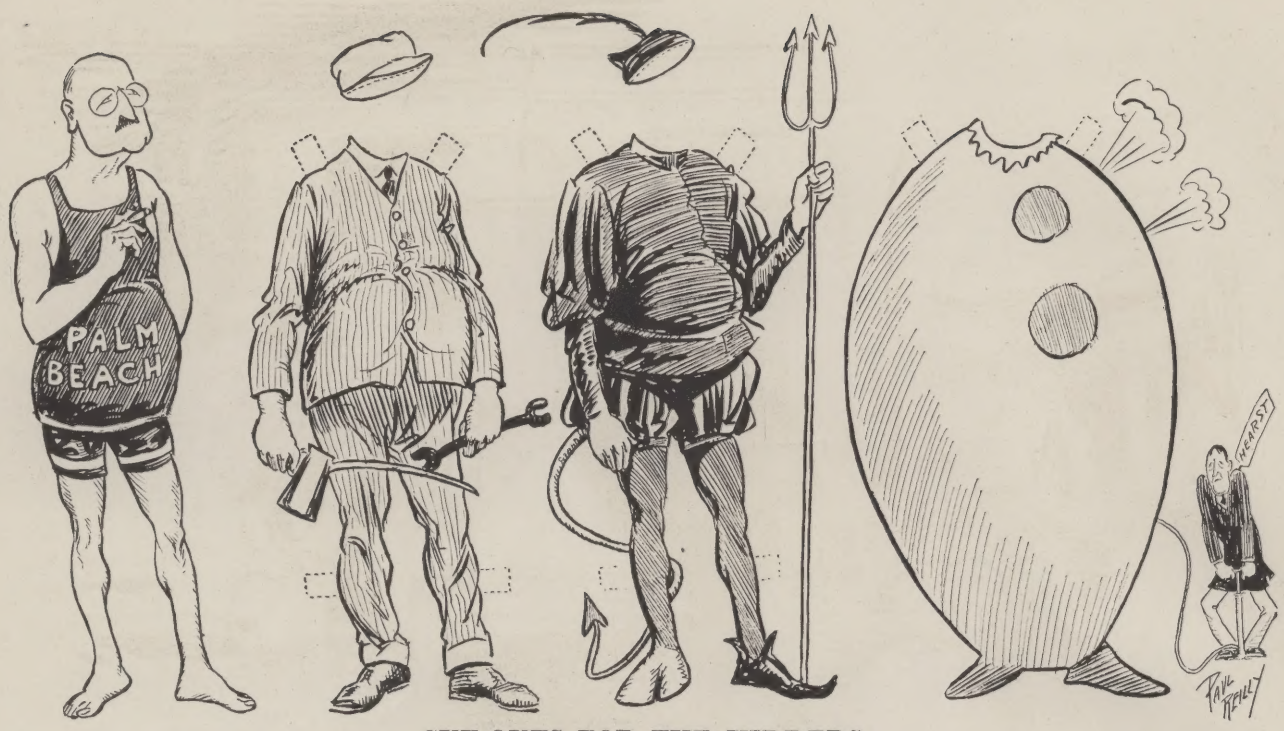
The road to hell has some wonderful parking places.

## EPILAUGHS

*Here lies the body of Silas Wheat,*
*Who lost his life when he crossed the street.*
*Hosannahs sing for the noble dead.*
*His heart was gold—but his feet were lead.*

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

"IF THEY DON'T STOP THIS RACKET, I'VE A GOOD MIND TO KNOCK ON THE CEILING"




CUT-OUTS FOR THE KIDDERS

No. 3—*This, little readers, is Hizzoner hizzelf, J-hn F. H-l-n, Mayor of New York. Try the little suits on him and see if he likes it.*

"I want none of your lip!" said the girl as she drew away from her amorous escort.

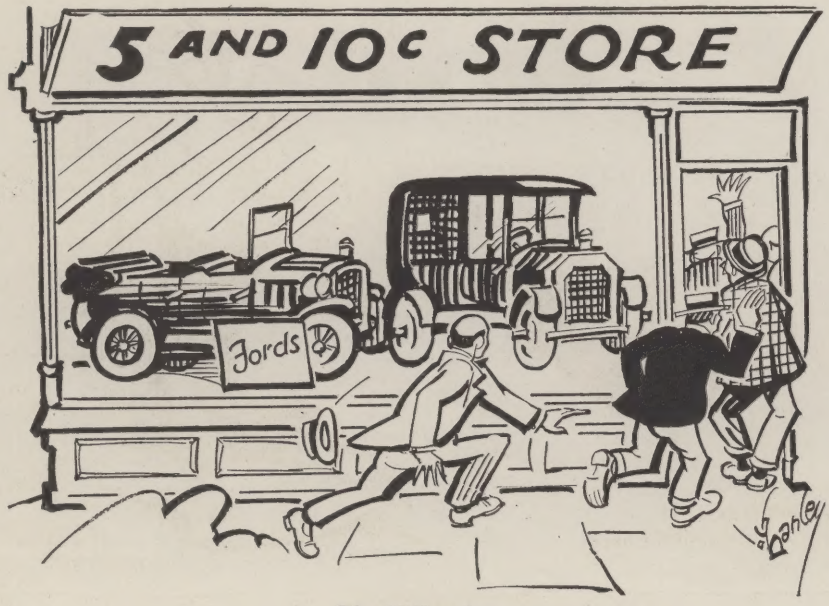
***

No picnic is a real success unless it's called off.

## KRAZY KRACKS

"give a sentence with the word Bailiff"

*"Bailiff me, it's hard to borrow fife dollars in dis boig."*




*The Millennium*

## Nervy People

THE fellow who is thrown into a tub of boiling water by cannibals and asks for a cake of soap.

The movie exhibitor who charges blind men admission.

The murderer who is about to be hanged who asks for a foot-rest.

The telephone girl who gives you the right number and then says: "Excuse it, please."

The doctor who advises you not to eat apples.

The village postmaster who cannot read the French on a post card you receive from Paris and asks you to read it to him.

The dog catcher who has pets of his own.

The lady who borrows a gun from her husband and then shoots him with it. *R. C. O'Brien*

## *Funnybones*

*"It's an ill wind that blows a saxophone."*

*Judge will pay $5 for each one printed*

*"Sauce for the goose—sauce for the gander."*

## Recipe for Popular Newspaper Novel

TAKE one beautiful girl, one handsome young man, several assorted villains, put into plot and let simmer.

Add several spicy adventures, sprinkling well with choice phrases, such as primitive passion, exotic emotion, soused chaperon, etc.

Season with asterisks.

For thrills, add an egg or two. Be sure they are well beaten by the hero.

Grind out several thousand words per day until you have enough for many installments.

Serve hot. *R. C. O'Brien*

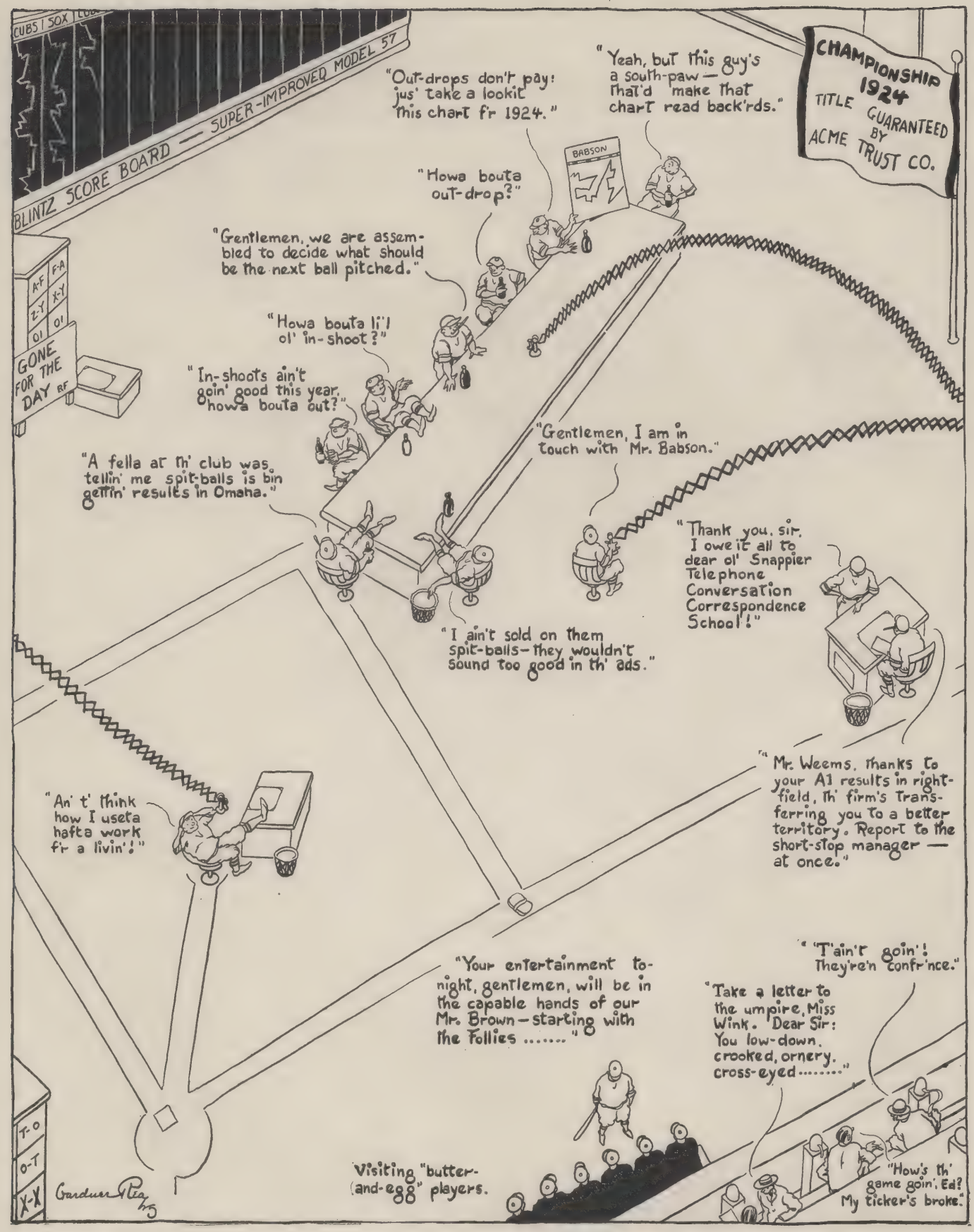
**If suspenders were worn around the neck .....**

*Burning questions.*

**KRAZY KRACKS**

"give a sentence with the word Faro"

*"Faro fair has my liddle dog gone?"*


CUBS | SOX | CUBS
BLINTZ SCORE BOARD — SUPER-IMPROVED MODEL 57
A-F F-A
Z-Y X-Y
01 01
GONE FOR THE DAY BF
CHAMPIONSHIP 1924
TITLE GUARANTEED BY ACME TRUST CO.
BABSON
"Out-drops don't pay! jus' take a lookit this chart fr 1924."
"Yeah, but this guy's a south-paw — that'd make that chart read back'rds."
"Howa bouta out-drop?"
"Gentlemen, we are assembled to decide what should be the next ball pitched."
"Howa bouta li'l ol' in-shoot?"
"In-shoots ain't goin' good this year, howa bouta out?"
"A fella at th' club was tellin' me spit-balls is bin gettin' results in Omaha."
"Gentlemen, I am in touch with Mr. Babson."
"Thank you, sir. I owe it all to dear ol' Snappier Telephone Conversation Correspondence School!"
"I ain't sold on them spit-balls — they wouldn't sound too good in th' ads."
"An' t' think how I useta hafta work fr a livin'!"
"Mr. Weems, thanks to your A1 results in right-field, th' firm's transferring you to a better territory. Report to the short-stop manager — at once."
"Your entertainment tonight, gentlemen, will be in the capable hands of our Mr. Brown — starting with the Follies ....."
"T'ain't goin'! They're'n confr'nce."
"Take a letter to the umpire, Miss Wink. Dear Sir: You low-down, crooked, ornery, cross-eyed....."
Visiting "butter-(and-egg" players.
"How's th' game goin', Ed? My ticker's broke."
T-O
O-T
X-X
Gardner Rea '25

WHEN BIG BUSINESS TAKES OVER BIG BASEBALL

*How a guest feels during a domestic argument.*

### Weed 'Em and Weep!

Dame rumor has it that they are going to change the signs backstage at "The Follies" for the benefit of the visiting "big butter and egg men from the West." Henceforth, it is said, they will read "Churn to the Right" and "Eggzit."

### Ode to Jersey

I WANT to go back to New Jersey,
Where once I stood with the best,
And fought my way at the break of day,
In the great commuting test.

I want to go back to New Jersey
And I dream of the tunnels there,
And the glorious fight I had every night
In the battle for seats and for air.

I refuse to be buried out here in the West
Where nobody gets ahead,
I want to go back to New Jersey—
But I don't want to go till I'm dead!

*Jack Shuttleworth*

Time is money. It's always the zero hour with us.

***

The man who hesitates is lost. The woman who hesitates is extinct.

## *Funnybones*

*Every man should live within his income even if he has to borrow the money to do it.*

*Judge will pay $5 for each one printed*

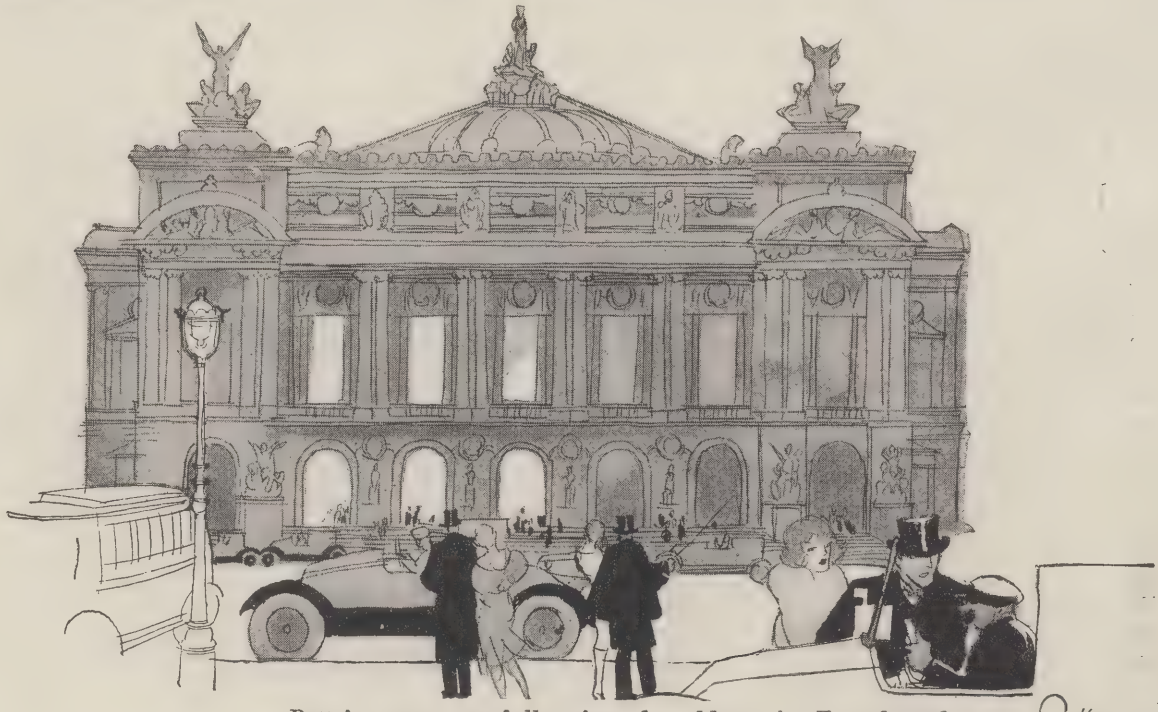
*The first magazine cover.*

# Betty goes Abroad
## in Paris

*An American couple arrive prepared to enjoy the opera.*

*I should think they would put in elevators instead of this old-fashioned stairway.*

*Betty says, "The best part of the show is not on the stage."*



*Betty's escort carefully gives the address in French and the driver says, "Yes, Buddy, dat'll cost yuh toity franks."*

Patterson
OPÉRA
PARIS

## Little Travels

*Switzerland—The Vertical Country*

ALTHOUGH Switzerland is one of the smallest countries in Europe it is about the tallest. Flattened out it would spread over most of Europe.

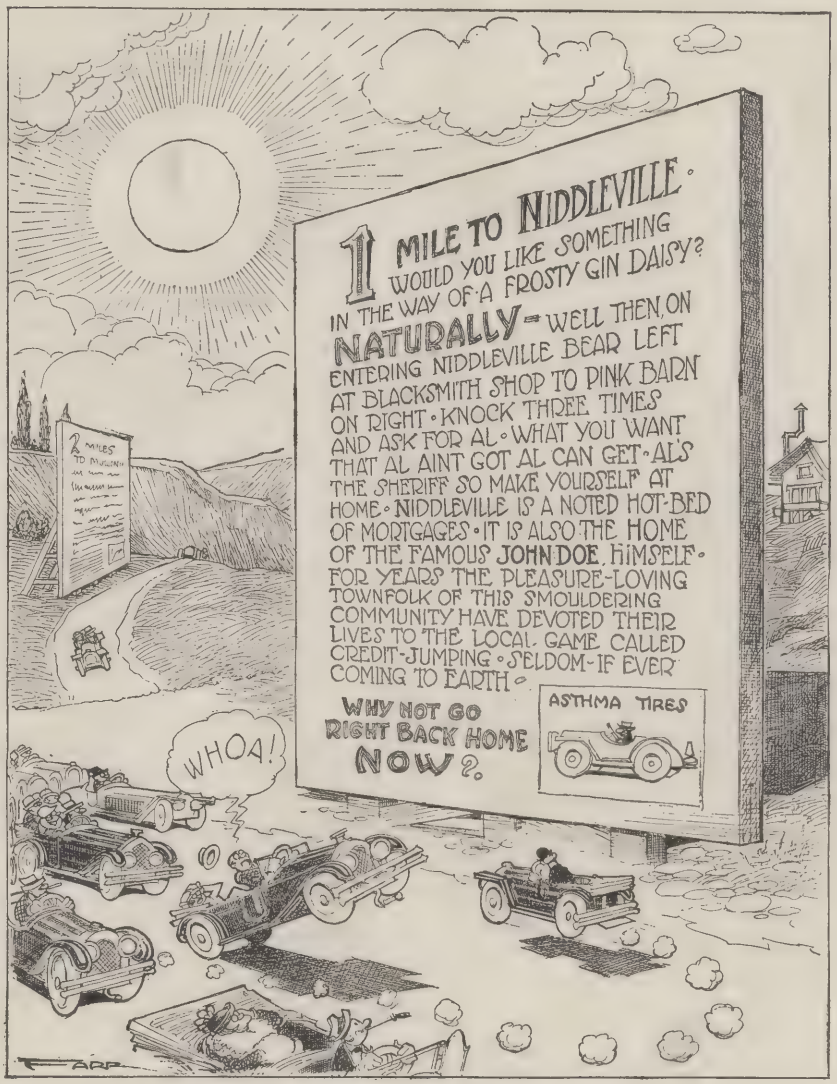
Our stay was brief, and we had time to climb only one Alp. We were interested in the story of how William Tell had shot the apple off his son's head without disturbing the dandruff. It seems that the tyrant, Gessler, was sore at William because one of the celebrated archer's St. Bernard dogs once had sniffed rather contemptuously at his cheese factory. So he asked Peters, the milk chocolate man, what he ought to do about it and he suggested the apple stunt, as he figured it would get a lot of publicity. It did, too. Later, Tell had an opera written about him and toured in vaudeville with his act accompanied by a troupe of bell ringers.

"What a beautiful Swiss movement!" exclaimed our guide as an avalanche descended upon us. As we crawled out of the débris one of our party remarked that he had heard a lot about Alpine goats and that we must be them.

Berne is situated on the Aar River, alphabetically the first river in the world. Berne also contains the famous old tower clock. When this clock is right, no clock can beat it for telling time.

We heard a lot about the mountain passes, but nobody gave us any. We had to pay for everything. Wherever we went the hotel keepers greeted us with open hands.

*Robert Cyril O'Brien*


1 MILE TO NIDDLEVILLE.
WOULD YOU LIKE SOMETHING IN THE WAY OF A FROSTY GIN DAISY?
NATURALLY - WELL THEN, ON ENTERING NIDDLEVILLE BEAR LEFT AT BLACKSMITH SHOP TO PINK BARN ON RIGHT. KNOCK THREE TIMES AND ASK FOR AL. WHAT YOU WANT THAT AL AINT GOT AL CAN GET. AL'S THE SHERIFF SO MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME. NIDDLEVILLE IS A NOTED HOT-BED OF MORTGAGES. IT IS ALSO THE HOME OF THE FAMOUS JOHN DOE HIMSELF. FOR YEARS THE PLEASURE-LOVING TOWNFOLK OF THIS SMOULDERING COMMUNITY HAVE DEVOTED THEIR LIVES TO THE LOCAL GAME CALLED CREDIT-JUMPING. SELDOM-IF EVER COMING TO EARTH.
WHY NOT GO RIGHT BACK HOME NOW?
ASTHMA TIRES
WHOA!
2 MILES TO MIDDLEVILLE
FARR

*Why not tell more on those guide boards?*

Hello, folks! This is **J. J. R.** broadcasting direct from the High Hat Roof. The orchestra is now playing "The Farmer Took Away Another Load of Hay," or something like that. It sounds to me just like "It Ain't Goin' to Rain No Mo,' but it seems to be taking on no end with the crowd. The famous "Rhapsody in Blue" has been butchered into fox trot time, but, boy, it's a dance!

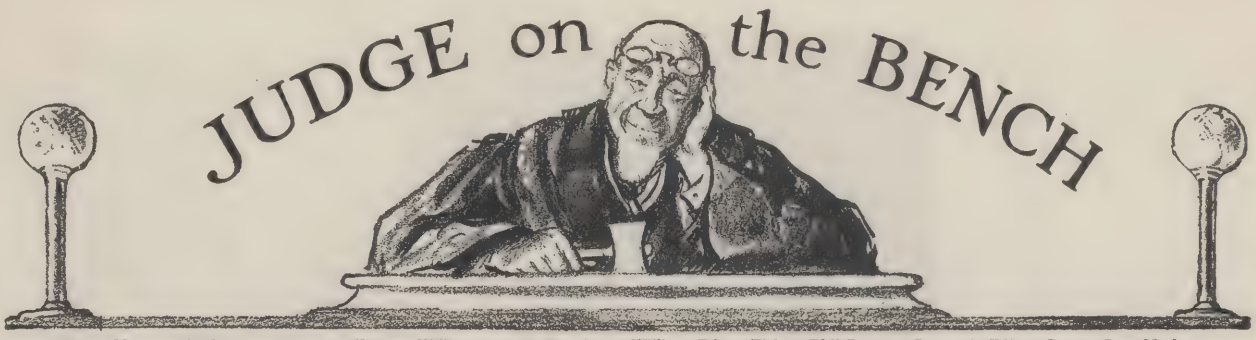
What the girls *will* wear! Now they are decorating their ankles with Army identification disks purloined from their veteran boy friends. They are worn under the stocking and really it's awfully hard to read the names!

"Week-End" by Charles Brackett. One of the brightest books brought out in months. Here's a bit from it. The writer dreams he's back in the Eighteenth Century—broke. Suddenly remembers he knows most of the Nineteenth Century Classics by heart. Looks up old Doctor Johnson and quotes him Swinburne, Browning, Tennyson, even Amy Lowell! As his own stuff. The old boy tells him it's terrible!

The Six Best "Steppers":
"The Farmer Took Away, Etc."
"Sonia."
"If You Bring Suzie."
"April Fool."
"On With the Dance."
"What a World This Would Be."

J. J. R. Jr.

SERF BATHING




*Editor*, Norman Anthony. *Associate Editors*, William Morris Houghton, William Edgar Fisher, Phil Rosa. *Dramatic Editor*, George Jean Nathan.

SAYS a Georgia legislator, "I don't want any smart Alec trying to teach my child that man descended from a tadpole or a monkey."

Then why not send him to a school where they teach evolution?

* * * * *

If one must believe literally that man was created in the image of God, the question arises, which man, the white man, or the black man, the red man, or the yellow man? And whichever it is, you can hardly blame the others for being evolutionists.

## Hizzoner

THE most interesting political contest in this country to-day centers about Hizzoner John F. Hylan, Mayor of New York City. This is not only because New York is the largest city in the country, but because Mr. Hylan, in all likelihood, has been its worst mayor, and that is saying something. Also because he is a symbol of the times.

In speaking of him as probably the worst mayor that New York has suffered under in its 300 years of history we are not attacking his morals. On the contrary, we are ready to believe with his friends that the Mayor's home life is exemplary and his official life reasonably honest. If he has favored his friends and relatives somewhat in the parceling out of city business, and if he has confused personal loyalty with public welfare in the handing out of city jobs, why let him who would be less human cast the first stone. We feel sure New York has had more sinful mayors and less honest mayors; but never before, we believe, has it had one who combined such a lack of intelligence with such a lack of dignity and competency.

* * * * *

YET Hizzoner has performed political prodigies. Not only did he defeat the late Mayor Mitchel by a majority unheard of up to that time (in his original bid for the job of mayor), but four years later he won a re-election by an even greater majority. To appreciate this second performance one should remember that since the consolidation of the Greater City in 1898 no mayor, with one doubtful exception, had been able even to achieve a re-election, let alone romp away with it. The exception was McClellan, who was really defeated by Hearst but counted in with a margin of 200 votes.

On top of this Hylan now aspires to a third term, and but for the determined opposition of the estimable Al Smith would undoubtedly again be Tammany's candidate.

WHY has New York clung so to this bird of the brilliant topknot and the loud squawk? We know it is the fashion in the hinterland to sneer at New York and especially at New Yorkers. But the average of intelligence in this city can hardly be so much below that of the rest of the country, considering its neat way of persuading the rest of the country to pay it financial tribute. And taking its mayors as a whole they have averaged in intelligence, dignity and competency rather well above the run of mayors in most of the smaller cities—as they should. The real explanation of Hylan's appeal seems to lie not in any disproportionate percentage of morons among his constituents, but in his personal adaptability to mass selling.

* * * * *

LET us remember that Hylan's god and backer is William Randolph Hearst, the Father of Yellow Journalism, the King of the Comic Strip. Hearst knows how to appeal to the mind of the majority better than any other man of his generation. He wastes no time reasoning with it; he simply drums on it with one elementary idea at a time, after the manner of Coué or the advertising fraternity, until what he has to say sinks into the subconscious and there produces results. In his desire to dominate in local as well as national politics Hearst years ago invented and gave currency to all the slogans and epithets that have comprised Hylan's whole bag of tricks. And in Hylan he finally found their ideal mouthpiece—ideal in this respect that, having no ideas of his own, Hylan never deviates from those with which he has been charged, nor does he ever lose his enthusiasm for them. He repeats to-day with the same fire and lack of humor, all that he has ever said about the "in'trests," the "traction gang," the "corrupt newspapers," the "five-cent fare," the "people's friend," etc.—and nothing more. An intelligent man would have to vary this program or gag. But Hylan during eight mortal years has stuck to his stuff with the faithfulness of the Gold Dust Twins or the Campbell Kid.

Of course, he has reaped his reward, as Hearst in his Mephistophelian wisdom foresaw. For the method is sure fire anywhere—ask any successful vendor of a cheap product.

* * * * *

BUT now the interesting question arises, must the hypnotized people of New York re-elect Hizzoner for as long as Mr. Hearst cares to insist upon it, or can Al Smith break the spell for them? Again we find ourselves rooting for the good Al. What New York would do without him God only knows!

*W. M. H.*

MR. JONES (after switching on *is going to catch h—— for putting th revolver!*

## I Know a Girl

SHE thinks bachelor buttons are what some laundries sew on free of charge, that asters are hotels and that sweet peas are vegetables, but she says she just loves the little blooming things and that they make the world so bright as they wave gayly in the fields wafted by some gentle summer breeze. I don't know where she picks up thoughts like that.

The other day I asked her if she liked carnations and she said she'd never been to one but that her grandfather had gone to England specially to see Edward, Prince of Wales, become king and never got finished talking about it. However, she said, she, personally, was not the least bit interested in royalty as she was American to the very core. I'd have liked to asked her how that had anything to do with it but I refrained.

I told her I gave my mother some tea roses for her birthday and it developed that she thought they were these little cheese cloth bags filled with tea and called by a fancy name. She allowed that one never could tell what these advertising men would call a thing next.

She thinks orchids are where they grow apples, that tuberose is a disease, and that mignonette is a little fish.

We were passing through the suburbs in the car one afternoon and I asked her if she liked nasturtiums. She told me that she hated them. They were always so crowded and besides she preferred surf bathing.

When I mentioned lilies to her she

n lights)—*Bee-lieve me! That kid is cap pistol in the drawer with my*

said that she never could get a decent drink out of one of those paper cups and she didn't see why anyone ever invented them.

I offered to give her tulips when I returned from Holland and she said she'd meet me at the boat but she couldn't allow me to kiss her unless we were formally engaged. I told her that was satisfactory to me.

*Carroll*

## EPILAUGHS

*Thomas O'Brien*
*Died quiet in bed;*
*The landlady's ceiling*
*Fell down on his head.*

Judge pays $5 for each one printed

## Unpublished Testimonials

### Or Why the Ad Men Have to Write Their Own

*Hargreave's Hair Upholstered Harmonicas*

I ALWAYS felt there was something my very best friends wouldn't tell me but I know better now as I ain't got none no more. Up until this year I wasn't never invited out much until I read your ad with all them swell dames sittin' round listening to this fella play the mouth organ.

So I bought me one of your Hair Upholstered Harmonicas and now I can get all the good stations even out west at Philadelphia. I can play Old Lang Sign and Carry Me Out to Old Virginia and all them.

I just want to thank you for my evenings is not dull any more and I get asked out a whole lot. I got asked out of three different places in one night last week.

Wish you was here. Oh, boy!

*Richard C. Wallace*

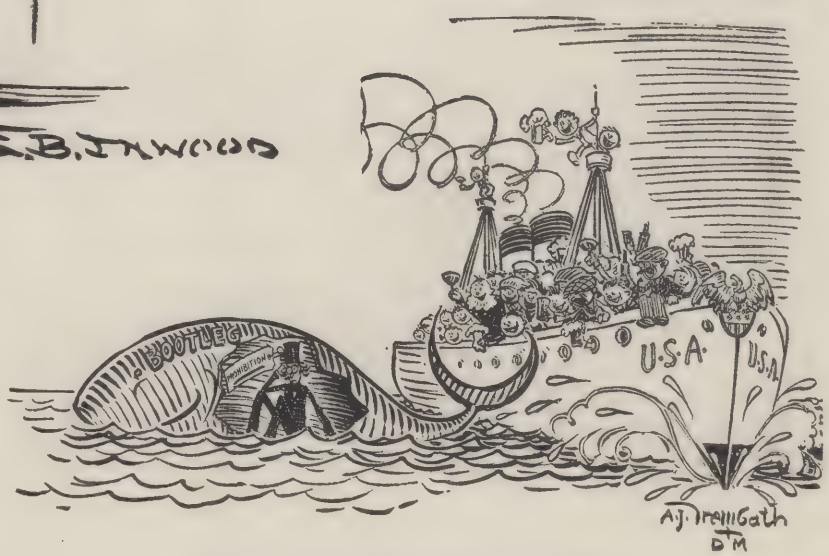
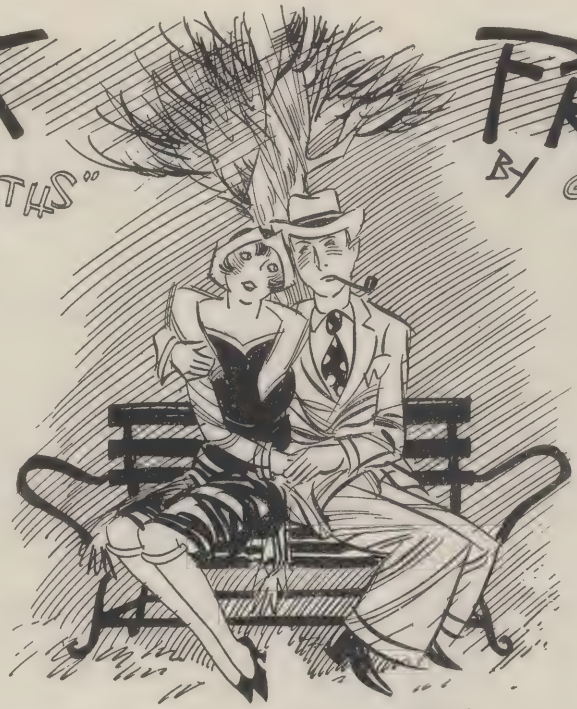



*Diagram showing Jonah's present position.*

# "OUT FRONT"

"KEITHS"

By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN



"I WORK FOR MY FATHER"
"WHAT DOES HE DO?"
"AH-HE'S LAID OFF"

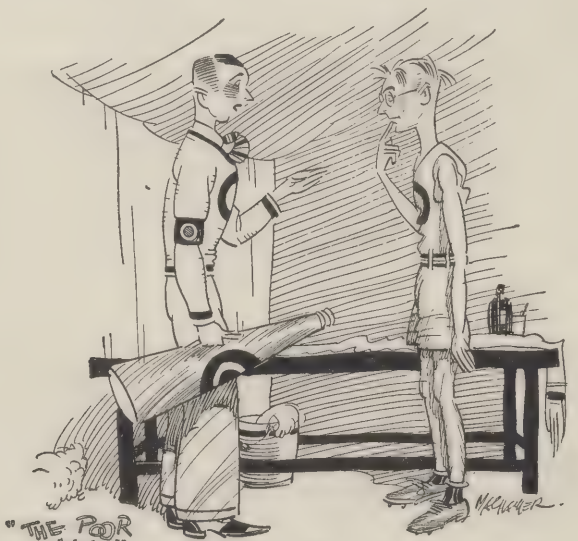
On a recent hot July evening, I went to see a play advertised by the title, "What Women Do." (That boy certainly earns his salary!) I did not go, however, in the spirit that seemed to have animated the rest of the audience, who doubtless expected that "What Women Do" would be a sequel to "What Young Girls Ought to Know" and who were visibly irritated to the point of fighting when they got into their seats, looked at the program and found that the title of the play had a question mark after it.

"What Women Do?" with its cheating question mark, puts the emphasis on the first word instead of on the last and hence presents nothing to prick up the ears of the district attorney or one of his play juries. What I saw of it was so abysmally dull and so atrociously acted that I soon turned my attention from the stage to the audience and what I shall have to say to-day will concern that audience rather than the proscenium shenanigans. It wasn't, however, that this particular audience was any worse than the average Broadway audience. Yet it was sufficiently typical to serve as a laboratory specimen.

It was the practice of the audience, as it is of the usual New York theater audience, to give issue to a loud, derisory snicker every time a poor ham enunciated a word ending in *s* in such wise that it sounded like the steam exhaust of a Coney Island peanut-roaster. In the Broadway theater, whenever an actress out of sheer nervousness on the opening night suffers an *s* to be unduly prolonged, the audience pounces upon the situation like a starved tiger and makes such audible mock of the performer that she can't go on with the next act without fortifying her courage with a quart of Old Oscar Pepper. To hear the scoffing of an audience on such occasions one would be led to believe that its constituent elements were individually and collectively scholars of diction beside whom Walter Hampden was an Abe Potash. Yet if an actor ever pronounced or enunciated words the way the average audience does, appraising the genius of the latter from its lobby conversations during the *entr'actes*, he would be shot by the stagehands before the first act was one-third over.

(*Continued on page 29*)

"WHEN THE AMBULANCE CAME HE WOULDN'T GIVE THEM HIS RIGHT NAME"
"WHY NOT?"
"HE THOUGHT IT WAS THE PATROL WAGON!"



"THE POOR NUT-"

"HOW'D YOU COME OUT IN THE SECOND RACE?"
"I'D HAVE WON ONLY ONE OF THE FELLOWS GOT IN FRONT OF ME!"

A COUPLE OF DAYTONIANS SUM IT UP

*"Do you think the trial did the town any good, Al?"*

*"Wal, I think it proved conclusively that we are all descended from* Morons."

# DAYTON, IT IS TOO BAD

by Don Herold

Now that Dayton, Tenn., has had all that publicity, what is it going to do with it?

I don't ever want to go there, do you?

Nobody from Dayton, visiting in any other town, will ever want to admit he is from Dayton, because it is now ranked as one of this country's comedy towns, like Brooklyn, Hoboken, and Kokomo.

Dayton has no new ladder factory, or wagon-jack factory, or ax handle factory, or crupper factory, to show for its efforts.

Its population is right where it was, except that two of its best men have had to leave town, Scopes and that liberal minister who had to get out. I have not heard that any of the visitors fell in love with Dayton and decided to stay there forever. The schoolboard will have to go to the trouble of getting a new teacher to take Scopes' place and that church will have to hire a new preacher (for practically nothing a year), and the population will be exactly as it was before Dayton became world infamous.

Dayton's total gain consists of several wagon-loads of peanut shells, banana peelings, half-eaten hot-dog half soles, worn out palm leaf fans, picnic litter, and other sundry garbage, and a lot of stake holes in which Dayton's small boys can stick their big toes this summer. Otherwise

(*Continued on page 28*)

## Idiotorial

What next! What next! Will the American public never stop quivering and groveling before imported fads? The crossword puzzle, introduced into America by the insidious propaganda of the Hagenback Zoölogical Garden in Germany to make their less popular animals more in demand was mild compared to this new and greater menace which threatens the very sanctity of our homes, our wives, mothers, sweethearts, spare tires and loudspeakers.

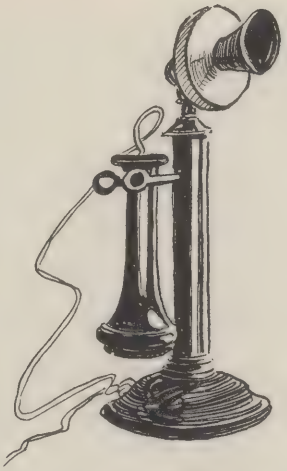
While there is no proof that this new foible of a jazz crazed generation is really an import from a foreign country it seems self-evident *ipso facto*, obvious, *ex officio* and delirium tremens that it is.

Americans! Protect your civilization against this spreading craze for earthquakes. Young and old are falling for this new fad. It is wrecking some of our fairest cities.

It seems hard to believe that in this enlightened day and age and under this benighted Republican administration such a condition could prevail. It is only the American passion for extremes. A train wreck now and then may be frowned upon, but it is only the bubbling over of too eager youthful spirits, or youths too spiritful. But this earthquake craze is rocking our very country.

*Carroll*

*"Well, at last I have everything packed—now where's Mary?"*



JUST CONSIDER A TELEPHONE INSTRUMENT-

IT CONTAINS IRON FROM PITTSBURG,

STEEL FROM HOMESTEAD,

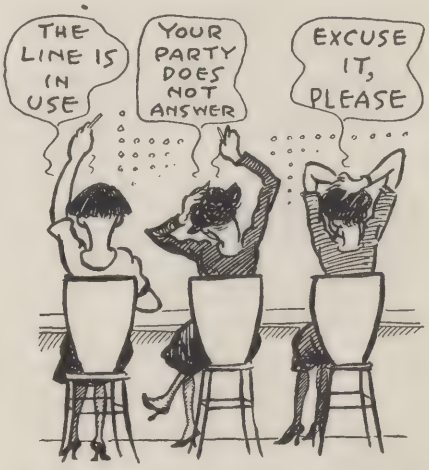
CARBON FROM CARBONA,

PLATINUM FROM THE URAL MOUNTAINS,

COAL FROM SCRANTON,

COTTON FROM GEORGIA AND—

RUBBER FROM SOUTH AMERICA




BUT WHERE, IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN, DO THEY GET THE OPERATORS ?!?

PAUL REILLY

IT'S REALLY MARVELOUS

# The Reel Stuff

By Carroll Carroll

## As Has Been Noted

*Don Q, Son of Zorro*—Worth whatever it costs.

*Beggar on Horseback*—Lunacy in its finer phases.

*The Paths of Paradise*—Remarkably funny farce.

*The Woman Hater*—One of those things.

*Night Life of New York*—Broadway by proxy.

*Private Affairs*—Neat but not nifty.

*Pretty Ladies*—Better than the name would indicate.

*Marry Me*—Dull as a pewter pot.

*The Marriage Whirl*—Grab the brass ring and get a divorce.

## —Came the Dawn

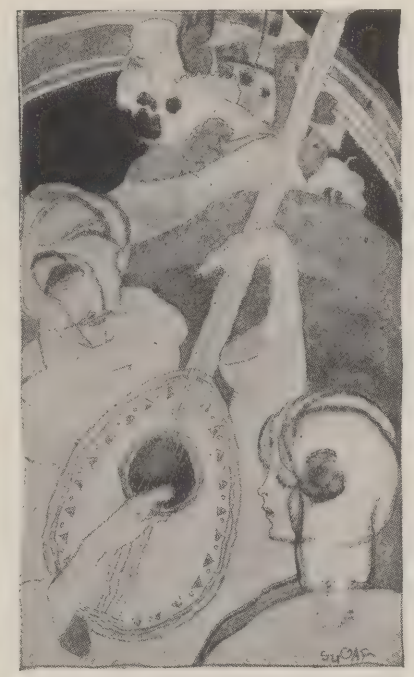
As I sit and write, it is the hour before dawn, the dawn of a better, finer, nobler day for film fans. The resplendent cinema will rise gloriously over the Paramountains of the West and cast its shining William Hays over these benighted United States. The first national anthem will ring from the buttresses of Fort Lee across the sandy plains of Long Island, the besieged real estates of Florida and the great wastes of the western deserts, echoing and re-echoing through the Yosemite and Grand Canyon, to welcome the United Artists in a newer and Warner Brotherhood that will signify the birth of a greater movie season! How I envy you, as you read this, having seen it all happen and having realized that better times have at last arrived, that another Cecil B. De Millestone has been past and that we are all, finally, traveling on the road toward the right direction.

And, as the *grate* movie season wanes, I look back with

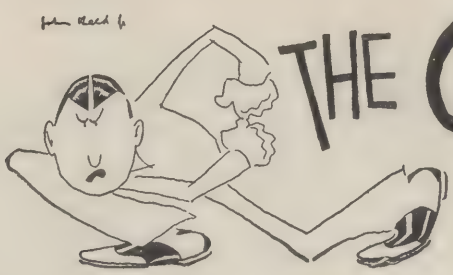
(*Continued on page 30*)

*"You say Gladys acquired the quick-lunch habit at home?"*
*"Yes—trying to finish lunch before the maid left!"*

PORTER (at very small railway station)—*Don't shove, please!*
TRIPPER—*We're not shoving. There's nobody here but ourselves.*
*"Can't 'elp that, them's my orders."*



"*Oh, Gondolito, do you love me?*"
"*I'll say so.*"
"*But do you love me?*"
—C. C. N. Y. MERCURY

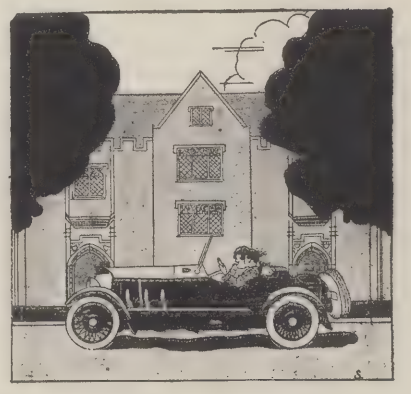



I found her waiting there
On the sandy moonlit beach,
And I thought she was a peach
When I found her waiting there—
Just for me.

I found her waiting there
When this summer I returned,
Now my spark of love's all burned
For I found her waiting there—
In a cheap Greek restaurant.
—*Penn State Froth*

❧❧❧

*Diner*—Waiter, there's a button in my soup.
*Waiter* (ex-printer)—Typographical error sir; it should be mutton."
—*Lehigh Burr*



QUEEN—*Do you think that long skirts will ever go out?*
HE—*Not with me.*
—HAMILTON ROYAL GABOON

❧❧❧

The teacher wanted to illustrate the word "haberdasher." Tommie, if you owned a store that sold suits, shirts, collars and ties and such, what would you be?
*Tommie*—Well dressed.
—*California Pelican*

❧❧❧

Ninety-five per cent. of girls smoke. The other five per cent. feel they can attract more attention by not smoking. —*Lafayette Lyre*

❧❧❧

"George," said his mother-in-law, "I saw you coming out of a barroom yesterday."
"Yes," answered George, "I had to catch a train."
—*Pitt Panther*

*Barely making a living.*
—PENN STATE FROTH

❧❧❧

"Saw 'The Lover of Camille' yesterday."
"Is he the guy who walked a mile for one?"
—*V. M. I. Sniper*

❧❧❧

Usually the faster you are married the less fast are you married.
—*Cornell Widow*

❧❧❧

"What is free love, father?"
"There's no such thing, sonny."
—*Amherst Lord Jeff*

❧❧❧

*Olden Plea*—You'll have to ask papa's consent first, Mr. Perkins.
*Nowadays*—Step on the gas, George! The old man is gaining!
—*Stanford Chaparral*

# LEADERS

CARPENTER—*That new wooden leg will cost you $10.*

SAILOR FELLOW—*What, are you going to charge me $10 for just remembering me?* —BROWN JUG

***

I am going mad. I met her again to-day but could not speak to her. She is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. But she is not for me, I know. It is the irony of fate that keeps us apart. What would I give for just one night with her on a lonely road with the silvery moon above us! She must know how my heart yearns for her. She must feel, as I do, that we were made for each other. But it can never be done, for she is a Stutz roadster and I am broke. —*Colby White Mule*

***

*End Man*—Mrs. Pklmjones, the barber's wife, got a divorce.

*Interlocutor*—Yeah? What was the charge?

"Barberous treatment."

—*Penn Punch Bowl*

## Another Abe and Ike Grind

*Pat*—What would ye be if ye wasn't an Oirishman?

*Mike*—Faith, oi'd be ashamed!

—*West Point Pointer*

***

"A peek is better than a finesse," murmured the man who didn't like to play bridge anyway.

—*Wesleyan Wasp*

***

"I beat up a Prof. to-day."

"How'zat?"

"Yeah, I passed him on the hill."

—*Chicago Phoenix*

***

"Have you ever let any other man kiss you?"

"Never, Henry, never—only a few college boys." —*Pitt Panther*

***

*Teacher*—Abie, what is a pauper?

*Abie*—It's the guy vot married mommer.

—*Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern*

"*A lot of men will be made unhappy when I marry.*"

"*Say, what are you, a Mormon?*"

—C. C. N. Y. MERCURY

***

He saw a car coming ahead,
"I'll give half the road," he then said.
"And I am dead shore
That I won't give no more."
He didn't, and now he's shore dead.

—*Texas Ranger*

***

*She*—I don't neck.

*He*—May I press you for particulars? —*Lafayette Lyre*

"*Honest, y'r honor, I never stole nuthin'.*"
"*Prisoner, your testimony rings with a note of veracity.*"
"*Aw, y'r honor, yuh don't get me—I swear I ain't lyin'.*"

—YALE RECORD

# ASK DAD—HE KNOWS

What they laughed at in the Good Old Days

### Very Queer

"It's mighty queer that Frank Tickleton should turn out to be a defaulter," remarked Tenspot.

"That's what it is," added Bunting. "Nobody ever heard him alluded to as Honest Frank Tickleton."

—*Judge, 1899*

### A Good Test

*Percy*—Now, if I speak to your father and he gives his consent, then the next question is, how are we going to live?

*Edith*—Don't worry, Percy. If you live through that interview you can live through anything.

—*Judge, 1901*

### Where the Humor Lay

*Mr. Jones*—I have just been reading a funny case—a chap who has been married seven times.

*Mrs. Jones*—I don't see anything funny about that.

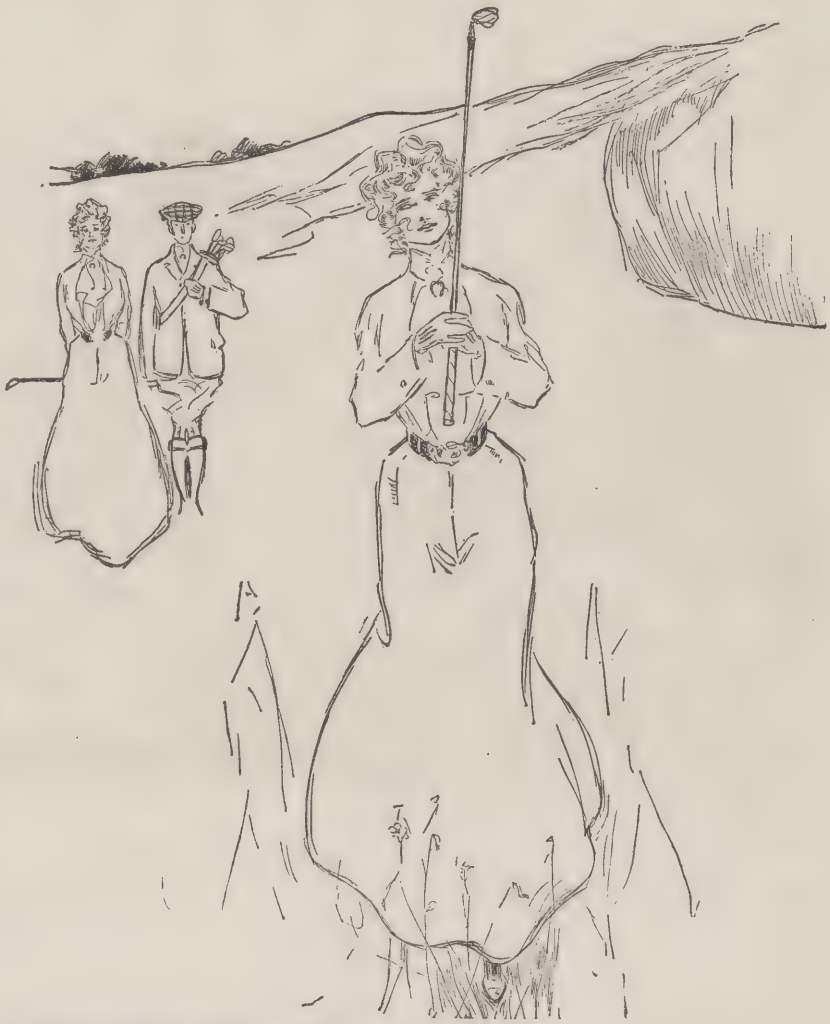
"Well, his name is Bliss!"

—*Judge, 1900*

### She Would

*Charley Litewate*—Would you take me for a fool?

*Miss Passay*—Oh, Charley, this is so sudden! —*Judge, 1901*



*Penrhyn Stanlaws in Judge, 1900.*

A DETERMINED FELLOW

TOM—*Ferdy has proposed to May ten times.*
ETHEL—*Won't take yes for an answer, I suppose?*

*T. S. Sullivant in Judge, 1898.*

IN ABEYANCE

MOSE—*Gwine ter move dis fall?*
JAKE—*Dunno! De landlord hain't made up his mind yet.*

WIFE—*Now, John, is there anything we've forgotten?*
JOHN (sarcastically)—*There's the piano, my dear.*

## Farina

### Another Hot Cereal by the Same One Who Cooked Up "Oatmeal"

*Synopsis of Previous Installments*

CHIC FRENCH CRE ATION sat in his tent in the middle of the frozen dessert just as Mae Bea Dissy was about to meet Jack Dempsey in a free for all, winner lose, bout at the altar, but unwittingly the Russian Counsel, thinking it was a charity bazaar, bid 500 in spades. This caused international complications, forcing Dempsey to hurry to his riveting machine in the shipyards, and the sheik to enter the movies on a long-time contract to play opposite, if at all.

Whereupon, the mother of Clarissa, thinking that Hammond, Ind., was not a good enough match for her daughter, struck another and they both got lit. This led to a protracted journey to the Orient and Chinatown, where they would still be if the villainous stockbroker had not pursued them with a couple of tongs saying that he was a heavy sugar papa and that if she didn't like it she could two or one lump it.

*"Bobby, your music teacher is coming—have you washed your face and hands?"*

*"Yes, mam."*

*"And your ears?"*

*"Well, ma, I washed the one that will be next to her."*

Some one, possibly some one else, then arose to the situation and asked how many lumps and a good tea was had all around the Mulberry bush, which accidentally sprang out of the question whether Charles Evans Hughes was standing on his constitutional right or his game left the last time he hopped a train of thought causing the *Detroit Free Press* to run the headline "Beaver Falls."

As soon as this good news was circulated, a messenger rushed in with the good tidings that the annual picnic of The Bottle Emptiers & Washers Association would be postponed on account of the rum blockade and Mirabelle swooned, leaving the party in an uproar, but the young district attorney, with his usual presence of mind, drove the thing into a ditch causing it to turn turtle and win the race with the hare, a downroar if there ever was one.

(Look for the next installment—Reward to any person or persons finding same or giving any information that may arrest it. In the case of a tie, batwings will be worn by baseball players during the early part of the month.) *Carroll*

# AHOY SAILOR

"THE SPANISH BARK"
By J. D. Gleason

A fine reproduction in brilliant coloring, that will appeal to all who love the sea. Prints are 7½ x 9 inches, without borders. Carefully packed and sent postpaid.

**50 Cents each**

# THEN and NOW

"JUST A SONG AT TWILIGHT"
By Delevante

Printed on Heavy Art Plate paper with wide margins. Size about 19 x 15 inches. Sent postpaid to any address on receipt of

**50 Cents each**

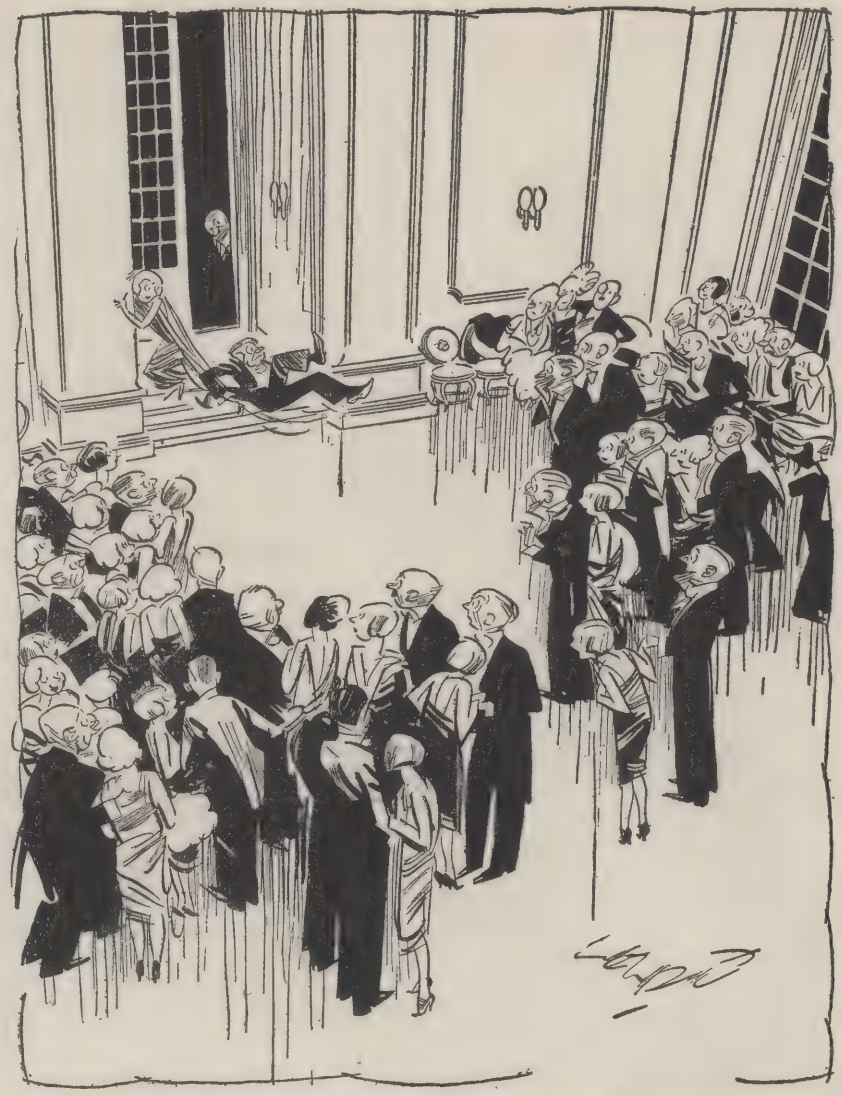
# THE DARLING

"THE CURSE OF DRINK"
By Maud Tousey Fangel

One of the sweetest baby pictures JUDGE has ever published. Printed in three colors on heavy art mat. Size 9 x 12 inches.

**25 Cents each**

JUDGE
ART PRINT DEPARTMENT
627 West 43d Street New York

Enter Mr. Smith, the author of "How to Enter a Ballroom."
—*London Mail*

## The Hen House

by Richard Crompton

IT was Charles who bought the wretched thing. I disclaim all responsibility. I didn't even offer to help him put it up. In fact, when he asked me casually if I'd care to run over and give him a hand, I said quite distinctly, "No." It was only later when Charles' wife rang me up tearfully to say that Charles had crushed one of his thumbs with the hammer and was growing more blasphemous each minute and *would* I be an angel and come and help that I relented.

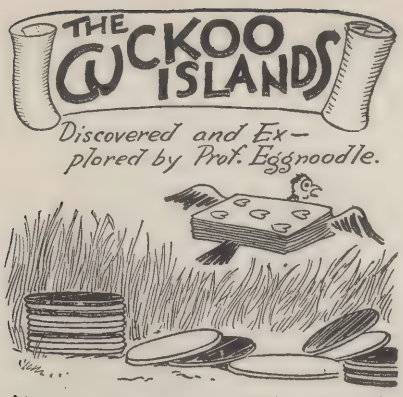
It was a sort of reach-me-down hen house, sent from the manufacturers already made into four sides, a roof, and a floor, and all you had to do was to hammer them together.

I found Charles in his shirt sleeves, a stream of perspiration issuing from his brow and a stream of profanity from his lips, standing on a large square piece of wood that he had firmly fixed into the ground and embracing another large square piece of wood which was in danger of engulfing him.

"I say, do hurry up!" he panted. "I can't possibly hold up the thing and nail it together at the same time, and — Oh, damn!"

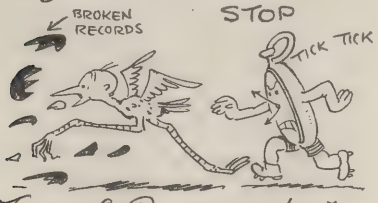
He exploded the last word from beneath the side which had finally collapsed on him. I dug him out and pacified him (he said at first that his neck was broken), and we worked hard for an hour. One side seemed the wrong shape till we discovered that it was marked "floor." and that the first piece that Charles had embedded so deeply in the earth was marked "side." So we took it all to pieces and began again, and Charles' wife went right to the other side of the house and put cotton wool in her ears.

At last we got the roof and three sides together. There was only the last side to fix on, so Charles stood




Varicolored chip-like eggs of the Poker Pigeon found in the tall straight flush grass on the shores of Jackpot Lake.

The hollow-headed Ukulele, denizen of the Syncopation jungle on the Hulahula peninsula. Feeds on wild jazzberries and all night long cries "Aloha eeee."




The swift Pavvonurmi bird which inhabits the region of the racing waters of Handicap river in Meter valley. It subsists on broken records including the Scandinavian, and is often pursued by the time-eating Stopwatch along the cinder paths of Fleetfoot Park.

The raucous-voiced Ump, a blue-coated animal that infests the diamond fields in the Grandstand highlands. Unable to make intelligible sounds it makes signs with its front feet. Is often attacked by flocks of Soda-popbottles and the vicious Cussword.

NATE POOLLER (Jr.)

on one side and held it, and I stood on the other, and hammered it securely into place.

I hammered in the last nail and drew a deep breath of content.

The hen house stood complete. "There!" I said triumphantly, and looked round for Charles. I couldn't see him.

"Yes," said Charles' voice from inside, "but what am I going to do? I'm fastened up in the beastly thing."

"Good heavens!" I gasped. "I never thought of that. Why on earth did you stand there?"

"You told me to," snapped Charles' voice, "you told me to stand just there and hold the thing straight."

"Try the hen door," I said, without much hope.

It was a very small hen door, and Charles is a very large man. He could get his head through but nothing else. Charles' head, large and red and perspiring and distraught, appeared through the small aperture and looked around distractedly.

"Look here, old man," he said. "You'll have to undo all that last side. You—"

But I was fed up with Charles and Charles' hen house.

I threw down my hammer and went home.

Some one must have got Charles out of the hen house, because I met him in the town yesterday.

But he didn't look at me.

## Not Easy Money

Jansen got into trouble with the police and went to a lawyer.

"If I win this case, I will give you a thousand kroner," he said.

"Very well," said the lawyer. "Get some witnesses."

Jansen got his witnesses and won his case.

"Well," said the lawyer, "you won your case. What about my thousand kroner?"

"That's all right," said Jansen. "Get some witnesses!"

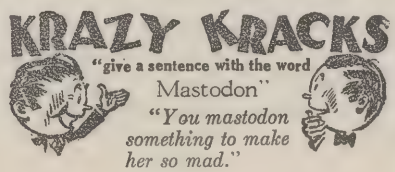
—*Vikingen* (Oslo)

## While There's Hope There's Life

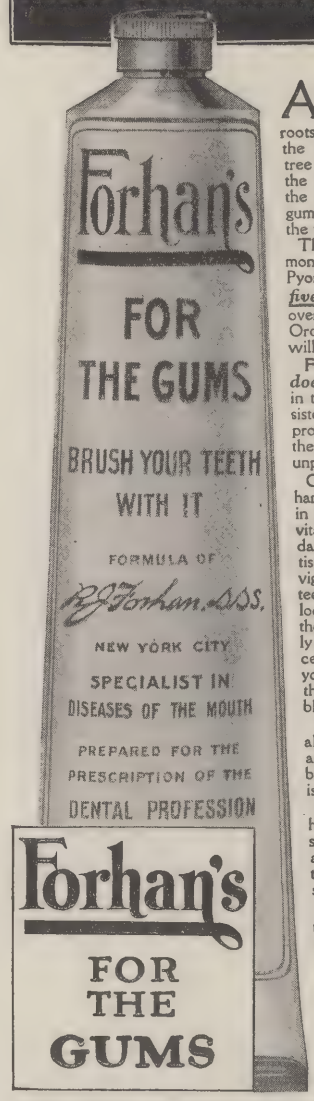
"John, I hope I didn't see you smiling at that creature who just passed."

"I hope you didn't, m' dear!"

—*Sydney Bulletin*




A signal of trouble — tender and bleeding gums




AS the soil nourishes the tree-roots the gums nourish the teeth. And as the tree decays if you bare the tree-roots, so do the teeth decay if the gums shrink down from the tooth-base.

This condition is common. It is known as Pyorrhea. *Four out of five* people who are over forty suffer from it. Ordinary tooth-pastes will not prevent it.

Forhan's Preparation *does* prevent it if used in time and used consistently. So Forhan's protects the tooth at the tooth-base which is unprotected by enamel.

On top of this Forhan's preserves gums in their pink, normal, vital condition. Use it daily and their firmed tissue-structure will vigorously support the teeth. They will not loosen. Neither will the mouth prematurely flatten through receding gums. Further, your gums will neither tender-up nor bleed.

Gums and teeth alike will be sounder, and your teeth will be scientifically polished, too.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

In 35c and 60c tubes at all druggists in the United States.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

*FORHAN CO. New York*

*Forhan's, Ltd. Montreal*

"POPULAR RADIO, with which is combined The Wireless Age," is now the oldest as well as the leading radio magazine. No change in POPULAR RADIO will be effected by this consolidation. It will continue to publish the most interesting and instructive information for owners of radio receivers and for everyone who is considering building or buying a set.

*The Magazine with the Silver Cover*

Westcott HOSIERY for MEN & WOMEN

## Notice to Judge Contributors

NO MANUSCRIPTS will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed return envelope, and owing to the thousands of contributions sent into this office each week, it is impossible to enter into personal correspondence regarding them.

Do not enclose postage for FUNNYBONES or EPILAUGHS as *they will not be returned.*

In cases of duplication, the first one received will be accepted.

For prompt attention address manuscripts, in separate envelopes, to the following departments:

*Manuscripts*—Literary Editor of JUDGE,

*Funnybones*—Funnybone Editor of JUDGE,

*Epilaughs*—Epilaugh Editor of JUDGE,

627 West 43d Street, New York City

**Easy to Play**
**Easy to Pay**

BUESCHER
True-Tone
**Saxophone**

**CLYDE DOERR**
Of Clyde Doerr and His Orchestra, with his Buescher True-Tone Saxophone.

Easiest of all instruments to play and one of the most beautiful. Three first lessons sent free give you a quick easy start—in a few weeks you can be playing popular tunes. No teacher necessary. You can take your place in a band or orchestra in ninety days, if you so desire. Most popular instrument for dance orchestras, home entertainments, church, lodge and school. A Saxophone player is always popular socially and has many opportunities to earn money. Six Days' Trial and easy payments arranged.

**Free Saxophone Book** Shows all Buescher models and gives first lesson chart; also pictures of famous professionals and orchestras. Just send your name for a copy. Mention any other instrument in which you may be interested.

**BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.** (166)
*Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments*
**631 BUESCHER BLOCK. • • • ELKHART, INDIANA**

**MOTHERSILL'S**
**SEASICK**
**REMEDY**

Stops and prevents the nausea of Sea, Train and Car Sickness. You can travel anywhere in any conveyance through its use.

*75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores*
*or direct on receipt of price*
**The Mothersill Remedy Co., N. Y.**

Write Like This

**Trace my sunken letters two hours and note a big change in your writing—almost perfect penmanship in 10 days. Sample letters free. Write,**
**C. J. Ozment, 81, St. Louis, Mo.**

*Robert*—What d'yer mean—wobbling all over the road like that? Why don't you use both 'ands?

*Enamored Driver*—B-but, Officer, I d-daren't let go of the wheel.
—*Gaiety*

## Dayton, It Is Too Bad

(*Continued from page 19*)

Dayton is right where it was, only less so.

A few dollars were left there by visitors, but this civic financial gain was more than offset by the loafing indulged in by the citizens and by the emotional trepidation suffered by everybody for miles around.

Nothing whatever was cleared up.

Thousands of photographs were taken. The Eastman Kodak Company was the sole gainer in the whole affair.

Lots of more important and more dignified arguments have been held by Dayton's small boys on the town's baseball lots.

Dayton, it is too bad.

You pulled a party which will go down among history's great fiascos, along with Eskimo pie, prohibition, the Ford peace ship and Stone Mountain.

It is too bad, because before the fiasco you were just a good little town of 2,000—full of fine-hearted, gentle, peaceful, picturesque personalities—a good little place to live—with all of the faults (none serious) and all of the overwhelming virtues of a little town of 2,000. But now you are just a vaudeville gag.

If little towns had any sense they would not try to get big and important. What this nation needs is a lot of little towns content to stay back number. Little towns are individual and full of quiet and romance and color, but they all want to be bigger and blanker and just like all other towns. They want whistles and paved streets and nickel pianos. What this nation needs is more towns with shade trees and folks.

Dayton, it is too bad.

They tried to boost you, but, instead, they booted you good in the bootery.

## "Out Front"

(*Continued from page 18*)

It is another custom of the first night audience—as it was of the specific audience at "What Women Do?"—to give vent to a richly critical and sophisticated laughter whenever a hack playwright lets go some such elegant rubber stamp as "You're the first person who's spoken a kind word to me since my Maw died," "A woman's virtue is her proudest possession" or "There is no creature more foul than he who steals a child's faith." Now, true enough, lines like these are not precisely the sort to gladden the heart of anyone above the cultural level of a vaudeville actor or street-cleaner, but they are still no whit worse than many of the lines that the average first night audience regards with respectful silence. The audience simply wishes to show off its wiseness, as it likes to purr its sophistication whenever a playwright shrewdly coddles it by filling his play with allusions to Hispano-Suiza motor cars, the Ritz hotels, vintage champagnes and the Prince of Wales' defective horsemenship.

A third habit of the first night customers is to razz any unknown actor whose performance is unduly exaggerated. Let some actor who has hitherto not appeared on Broadway try to earn an honest dollar toward the end of the season by the co-operative plan, and the Broadway wisenbergs will lay for him like so many hens at Easter. Very often these actors do not exaggerate half so much as, say, Lionel Barrymore, but that makes no difference. The audience is on its tiptoes ready to land on their necks. There is nothing it likes to posture so much as a critical attitude toward acting. Yet the truth is that it knows as much about acting as a cannibal knows about a tomato *surprise*. Certain of its favorites in the way of acting are utterly without sound competence; some of them—two in particular—are no better than certain of the actors whom it has openly ridiculed.

I hope that I shall not be held unduly invidious when I say that the colored first night audiences I observed last season at the Lafayette Theater in Harlem had twice as good manners and apparently twice as much good sense as the paler first night audiences of Broadway. It is commonly believed that our fellow Americans of the dark race are fond of exhibiting their cosmic wisdom and sophistication on all occasions, but if this be true the theater remains one place in which the fact is still to be demonstrated to my satisfaction. If a Harlem colored audience behaved the way a Broadway white audience behaves, the manager of the house would ring up the nearest police station and have it arrested.

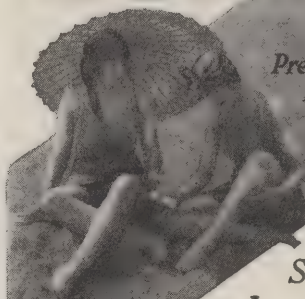
I often wonder where the Broadway managers get hold of some of the people one sees on the opening nights. One never sees them anywhere else, although I confess I have never made a tour of the neighboring insane asylums. Some of these first nighters are unquestionably half-witted. I am not trying to be insulting or funny. I mean it literally. For if they are not actually half-witted, some one should be commissioned at once to look into *me*.

Not long ago I took with me to the theater one of the most eminent psychiatrists in America. After half an hour's observation of the men and women seated within sight and sound of us, he stated as his opinion that fully one-half of them were apparently congenital idiots. But by the end of the second act he revised his opinion. He put the number at two-thirds.

*The fashion for balloon trousers*

*has its practical side.*


SUNEX



*Prevents and relieves sunburn*

*"The Sunshade In a Tube"*

**No Sunburn, No Blister, Peel or Freckle**

**If you protect your skin with SUNEX this summer.**

On the beach, golf links, anywhere outdoors, SUNEX will protect you against the strongest sunshine.

This soothing beauty cream contains a substance which filters out the ultra-violet rays of sunlight.

SUNEX enables you to enjoy the outdoors, the sunshine, the exercise, without burns.

It absolutely protects. SUNEX is the only cream which contains this protective substance.

THE ABBOTT LABORATORIES
4758 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago

THE ABBOTT LABORATORIES
4758 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago

Gentlemen: Enclosed find ten cents (coin or stamps) for which please send me a trial tube of SUNEX *"The Sunshade in a Tube."*

*Name*.....

*Address*.....



***She wasn't over twenty, but she knew her little book,***
***And her manner was so innocently frank,***
***That when she wanted something, she'd assume a certain look,***
***And, really, he'd have gone and robbed a bank.***

From

# SATIRE & SONG

By

MAURICE SWITZER

A business man with a keen but kindly sense of humor, who has put into verse some of his many impressions of human nature.

Privately printed in a limited edition, we have a few copies, which we want to distribute among those who have an appreciation of the sort of easy-reading verse that burns a hole in the memory.

This volume is uniquely illustrated in color and attractively bound in an Art Binding.

***Size 6½ x 8⅛ inches***

Our supply is limited but we will gladly send your copy, postpaid, to any address, upon receipt of

**One Dollar**

**JUDGE**

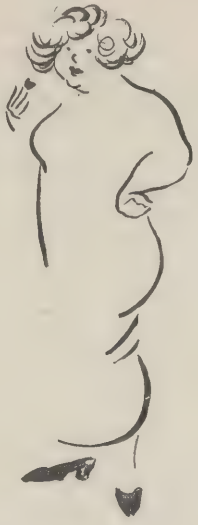
***Book Department***

**627 West 43d Street, New York**

## The Female of the Species

*"Oh, darn! they're going to get the world all reformed and I won't have anything to do when I'm through college."*

*"The thing to do, honey, is to find what your style is and then stick to it. I'm the Cleopatra type, myself!*



*"I'll lay off chocolate creams when I find them spoiling my figure. Take 'em or leave 'em, that's me."*

*"Here's the thing that worries me. I never can decide which to develop—my brains or my beauty."*

*"Fired again! Gosh, that's the worst of having this here feminine charm you hear so much about."*

## —Came the Dawn

(*Continued from page 21*)

a sigh upon the many movie seasons that have come and gone their inevitable way and think that I shall never be able to live this one over again. So thinking I reverently face the East as the Muezzins in the minarets of Hollywood herald the dawn, and kneeling upon my prayer rug, indulge in a salaam of fanatic proportions and murmur, "Allah be praised!"

It is the darkest before dawn, they say, and in this inky blackness but one faint light shines out, that of Percy Marmont in "The Street of Forgotten Men." Below the winning bewilderment of Mr. Marmont's countenance, in repose, and the ingratiating quality of his slightly rampant smile there seems to lie a talent for acting that even the screen has not succeeded in hiding under its bushel of sub-titles.

"The Street of Forgotten Men" is to a certain extent a de-hokumized "Miracle Man." It starts in the old days of the Bowery, when everything was wide open and men didn't have to drink out of teacups, and relates the life of a soft-hearted but successful beggar, "Easy Money Charlie," the wonder of all the spurious mendicants that made their headquarters at Diamond Mike's Dead House. The story works itself to an, at least partially, uncinematic conclusion that was a sight for these sore eyes.

The advent of this second beggarly revelation was a lucky break for me. The effects of "The Miracle Man" on my philanthropic tendencies had begun to wear off. I was casting pennies left and right

*"Don't breathe a word, Casper—but I think Lord Percy is horribly fastidious."*

*"You said it, Dalmatia. He even insists upon being measured for his coat-of-arms."*

to all who cried "Gimme!" Now, I think, I am again immune from the most appealing attacks on pity for at least three years.

"Rugged Water" with Lois (Bright Eyes) Wilson, Phyllis Haver, Noah Beery and Warner Baxter is just a "good old western" gone "down east" in ships. The idea of making the hero Number One Man in a life-saving crew is a new one, but the rest of the plot is as true to form as a bathing beauty. Instead of fighting for the love of the "gal" and riding range for The Cross-Bar Alphabet Ranch, the hero steers a dory for the "gurrul" and the honor of the U. S. L. S. S., which translated means, United States Life Saving Service, Inc. Father Neptune does some interesting work in a turbulent rôle. And—here's a good one—there was a sailor on shore leave sitting in front of me. Doubtless he went rowing in Central Park later.

I have, finally, after millions of questions as to whether I liked her or not, seen Norma Shearer. The answer is I do! But I like her best with her hair slicked smoothly back off her ears, the brazen hussy. This way she is lovely to look upon. Otherwise, she seems to be a fairly capable young woman who acts for the moving pictures, in this particular case, "A Slave of Fashion" (probably to be changed later to "A Slave of Passion"), which would be equally

relevant. Aside from opening with a bang by way of a train wreck, the picture itself does nothing to write the JUDGE readers about.

Found! At last! The original booze hound. His name is Chester and he's at present the star of "Lightnin'." I wanted to say that I was the only person in New York who hadn't seen the play during its two and a half year run on Broadway but every reviewer in town said it before I got the chance so maybe I'm not. Anyway, it simply goes to prove what an intelligent lot we are, in spite of our peculiar calling.

"Lightnin'" will be to the sentimental what a marshmallow is to a toothless sweet-tooth (or is it sweet-toothless?). Aside from the acting of the dog Chester and the fact that Jay Hunt in the name part has an appealing face, the film is not nearly such a phenomenon as its name implies.

I also saw "Under the Rouge." Very strange under there! The *dramatis personæ* was as follows, nothing more need be said: Kitty, a girl; Whitey, a crook; Skeeter, his pal; Mal, a gentleman; Daisy, a lady; Doc Haskell, a faker; Mr. Fleck, from Oshkosh; Mrs. Fleck, his anchor; Jim Condon, a detective; Maybelle, a dancer; Martha Maynard, a mother; Evelyn, her daughter; Little Tommy, her son; Banker Simmons; Fred Morton, a bank cashier and a constable.

And now to catch up on my correspondence. I want to thank Mr. W. C. Koogler for his kind and appreciative words concerning my work in this column and elsewhere in JUDGE. Such a letter as Mr. Koogler's is indeed gratifying.

❧❧❧

*Tramp*—Would you please subscribe half a crown to my fund for beautifying the village?

*Native*—But, my good man, how are you going to beautify the village?

"By moving on to the next village."

—*Pearson's Weekly*

## KRAZY KRACKS

"give a sentence with the word Poise"

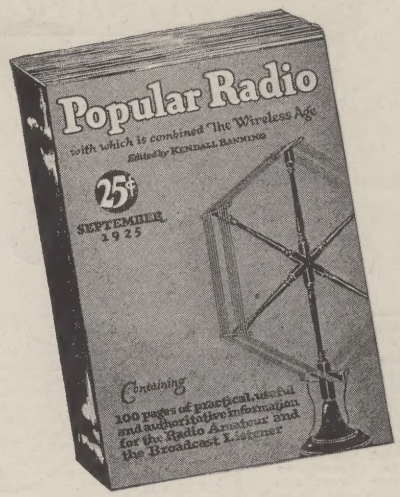
*"Poise vill be poise."*

*Earnest Lady*—I suppose, even in an out of the way place like this, the price of necessities have risen?

*Native*—Yes, an' it ain't worth drinkin' when you've got it!

—*London Opinion*


*The magazine with the SILVER COVER*


Popular Radio
with which is combined "The Wireless Age"
Edited by KENDALL BANNING
25¢
SEPTEMBER
1925
Containing
100 pages of practical, useful and authoritative information for the Radio Amateur and the Broadcast Listener

**KENDALL BANNING**
**Editor**

**LAURENCE M. COCKADAY**
**Technical Editor**

POPULAR RADIO, with which is combined "The Wireless Age," is pre-eminent in the field of Radio. Here you will find the romance as well as the practical and technical side of Radio.

**New subscribers may send $1.00 for a 5 months' subscription**

**POPULAR RADIO**
**627 West 43d Street New York City**

# A Business of Your Own

J. T. Adams

With no previous experience Mr. J. T. Adams made $405 profit in five weeks as our representative. His record and the records of hundreds of others who have done as well and better are supported by affidavit. We'll send you the facts on request.

You can have it as our district salesman for BARTLETT Suits and Overcoats at $23.50—made of the finest quality of Pure Virgin Wool in the very latest styles and highest grade of workmanship; perfect fit and satisfaction guaranteed.

**All-Wool Suits and Overcoats $23.50**

Guaranteed regular $40.00 values. Can you sell such values? You can if the experiences of 2,000 other men count for anything. And you don't have to have actual selling experience. For we will teach you, train you and equip you in a way that will insure your success from the start. But you must be honest, dependable and willing to work hard to make the most of the opportunity we'll give you. If you are such a man, let us hear from you. You will hear from us with the full facts. Address Dept. 575.

## WILLIAM C. BARTLETT, Inc.

**850 W. Adams Street - - - Chicago**

Gentlemen:—

Please send me the full facts about the BARTLETT proposition without obligation to me. 575

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

**SONG WRITERS! $250 ADVANCE ROYALTY**

will be paid on songs found suitable for publication. Submit your manuscripts for immediate examination
**EQUITABLE MUSIC CORPORATION**
**1658R Broadway New York City**

WRITE FOR *Free Book* ON *Song Writing*

LEARN TO PLAY ANY INSTRUMENT

Piano, Organ, Violin, Banjo, Piccolo, Flute, Harp, Cornet, Cello, Guitar, Voice and Speech Culture, Automatic Finger Control, Piano Accordion, Mandolin, Drums and Traps, Harmony and Composition, Sight Singing, Ukulele, Clarinet, Trombone, Saxophone

**IN A FEW MONTHS**

You can learn by playing actual selections instead of tiresome exercises and eliminate endless hours of practice. A new simplified method of teaching reduces all music to its simplest possible form. **We teach you in your own home by note.** No numbers or "trick stuff." So simple that young and old find it easy to play with amazing skill. All intricate "mysteries" of music eliminated. Thousands have learned this splendid quick way. Surprise everyone and become popular, practically overnight, with your new accomplishment.

**FREE BOOK and Demonstration Lesson** offers this wonderful musical opportunity. Send for them today. You'll be astounded, thrilled, fascinated, at this easy, rapid way to become a veritable **master** of your favorite instrument. Name the instrument you are particularly interested in. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. Special short-time offer if you write at once.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
28 Brunswick Bldg. New York City

**"DON'T SHOUT"**

"I can hear you with the MORLEY PHONE." It is invisible, weightless, comfortable, inexpensive. No metal, wires nor rubber. Can be used by anyone, young or old.

The Morley Phone for the **DEAF** is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Write for Free Booklet containing testimonials of users all over the country. It describes causes of deafness; tells how and why the MORLEY PHONE relieves. Over 100,000 sold.

The Morley Company, 10 South 18th St., Dept. 774, Philadelphia

**A PERFECT NOSE**

shaped at home while you sleep. Rapid, painless and safe. The ANITA is the Genuine and most comfortable Nose Adjuster, absolutely guaranteed. Highly recommended by physicians. Winner of Gold Medal (Feb., 1923). Write for FREE Booklet. The ANITA CO. Dept. 889, Anita Bldg., Newark, N. J.

For busy men and women—Abbott's Bitters, a delightful tonic and invigorator—sample by mail 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

**BOW LEGS?**

Our Garter (pat'd)
**Makes Trousers Hang Straight**
If Legs Bend In or Out
Self Adjustable
It Holds Sox Up—Shirt Down
Not a "Form" or "Harness"
No Metal Springs
Free Booklet—Plain Sealed Envelope
**THE T. GARTER CO.**
Dept. 22 NEW LONDON, NEW HAMP.

**Clear Your Skin!**

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores and Oily or Shiny Skin.

**FREE** Write today for my FREE BOOKLET, "A CLEAR-TONE SKIN."—telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years.

E.S. GIVENS, 224 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

## Judge for Yourself

(EDITOR'S NOTE—JUDGE *receives so many interesting letters that he wants to share them with his readers. Under this heading, therefore, he intends printing from time to time those letters to the editor, or extracts from them, that he considers pertinent. Correspondents who wish their letters printed should try to make them brief, and whether they sign them or not, should always accompany them with their full names and addresses.*)

### Praise from Sir Hubert

*To the Editors of* JUDGE:

Your "Evolution Number" is most entertaining—a fine issue worthy of praise—but your editorial on "Dayton" is masterly and most needed. If this contains the new spirit of the editor we are to be congratulated on the advent of youth and real taste and conscience to the chair. I think it's the biggest sermon preached to the American people for many a day. You are on the right trail. Dignity, serious idealism, conviction are all compatible with gayety and humor and taste can be severe and the laughter high—as you prove in this superb page of writing and the whole joyous issue of your magazine.

Sincerely yours,
*W. N. Guthrie*

St. Mark's in-the-Bouwerie
New York City.

### Down With T. Jefferson!

*Dear* JUDGE:

You have went too far. I am off you for good. Never again will I look at, much less read, your dangerously revolutionary if shallow publication.

Your jibes, jeers and jokes anent our Eighteenth Constitutional Amendment I have long endured, crediting your frequent humorous torturings of this subject less to malice than to puerility and laziness. You professional humorists surely owe a debt of gratitude to the revered Mr. Volstead who has given you a new toy to add to your gallery of time-worn props of banana peels, mother-in-law, etc.

Only recently have I felt the iron hand sheathed in your velvet glove. A recent issue of JUDGE reveals to the discerning eye the sinister purpose that lurks behind your false smile. Don't tell me! You are out to destroy American institutions! Under guise of attacking *one* amendment to our constitution you harbor no doubt a dark, bitter antagonism to the entire fabric of our nation. You are dangerously revolutionary.

As a 110 proof American, I object.

Fortunately here, as in so many cases, an evil purpose discovers itself through the fairest disguise. The Bolshevik red burns through your blackest ink. At last you have exposed yourself. The kindly, smiling mask of the JUDGE is off and the leering, determined countenance of the revolutionist revealed.

Your editorial on page 15 of the July 4 issue is undoubtedly the most revolutionary utterance that has appeared in public print during the history of our nation.

As for this here, now T. Jefferson, no doubt he will be sent to Atlanta. His collaborator, lurking behind the initials W. M. H., unquestionably deserves hanging.

Or if he likes a good drink, let him *live*—and suffer.

Helpfully yours,
*Leon H. Follett*

Providence, R. I.
July 1, 1925.

### Not Angry, But Terribly, Terribly Hurt

*To the Editors of* JUDGE:

Dear Sir: I have considered writing you for some time regarding the change in the policy of JUDGE. This paper used to be devoted to fun, and was very entertaining. For a long time it has been opposed to everything that is good and become a mocker of everything that stands for progress. The time is coming when no self-respecting person will read it.

The editorials by W. M. H. are a waste of paper. He has maligned everything good or progressive for the past year.

If that is his idea of being humorous it certainly falls flat.

I like a joke and I try to keep my mind open and be liberal, realizing there are a million and more different viewpoints.

But JUDGE can be funny without ridiculing everything new and progressive.

I have read all of W. M. H. editorials for the past year and have tried to see the funny side of them but have failed.

Now for a little criticism for W. M. H.

Is he a dyspeptic? or has his viewpoint been soured by a love affair? or is he an atheist? And last of all is he an American?

Truly yours,
*C. S. Bonesteel*

Ballston Spa, N. Y.
July 20, 1925.

BEN—*Mother, I've bought two tickets for a whist drive.*
MOTHER—*But we neither can play whist!*
*"I know, but I thought the drive might do us good!"*

# DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS!

## JUDGE will pay $25 for the funniest ending to this Comic Strip

*You do not have to be an artist.* The winning ending will be selected for its originality of idea, humor, and cleverness in drawing. Professional artists are barred.

Draw your ending, in ink, on white paper, the same size as Space No. 4; or if you prefer, make your sketch right on No. 4 space, cut it out (No. 4 only) and mail to the D. Y. O. C. Editor of JUDGE, 627 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

Send as many "endings" as you wish, but none will be returned. Contest closes August 24. Winning ending appears in the issue of September 12.

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT ZANE GREY
RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE ZANE GREY
WANDERER OF THE WASTELAND ZANE GREY
THE LONE STAR RANGER ZANE
DESERT GOLD
THE RAINBOW TRAIL
THE U·P TRAIL
THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER
THE BORDER LEGION ZANE GREY
THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS ZANE GREY
TO THE LAST MAN ZANE GREY
WILDFIRE

*Never before were there such red blooded stories! Every page grips you —makes your heart beat faster—for Zane Grey knows the REAL romance and thrill of the TRUE West. He knows its haunting mysteries, its throbbing adventure, its picturesque personalities. He has actually lived with them. And he knows how to make you see them, hear them, know them.*

## *Mail the Magic Coupon Below and—*

# —Gallop, with Zane Grey, over the wind-swept plains of the daring West!

**Zane Grey**

"He has more of the epic spirit than any other living American. He gives the Homeric bigness, ruggedness, tremendousness to his people. His landscapes are in themselves thrilling."—*Rupert Hughes.*

"Nothing could be more real than the romances of Zane Grey. He lives them all before he writes them. . . . He is the master creator of Western Romance, the biographer of the most romantic country in the world."—*Success Magazine.*

"If an Easterner, you will have a better understanding of the West; if a Westerner you will have a better one for having read how the West as it is to-day, came to be."—*Salt Lake City Tribune.*

FORGET business! Forget any cares or worries you may have. Gather, in the evening, somewhere in the Golden West, around a fresh-smelling wood-fire. Listen to the yarns of the drawling cowboys. Hear the quaint songs of the ranchmen. Follow quiet trails that lead up rocky mountainsides and down into deep canyons!

*Here* is your passport to a new world, to a thousand undreamed-of new experiences. The magic coupon below will transport you—*whenever you want to be transported*—into a realm of true adventure.

Ride like mad; shoot quick, if you *must* shoot; love and be loved; *lose yourself* completely in the mountains, canyons and deserts of the gorgeous, historical, red-blooded, big-hearted West. Those are the vivid sensations that will be given you by

# ZANE GREY

***The World's Most Popular Living Author***

## MASTER TALES of the GOLDEN WEST

### 12 Magnificent, Thrilling, Full-length Novels (The Only Uniformly Bound Edition)

Let Zane Grey introduce you to some of the men and women he has known—gamblers, cowboys, preachers, outlaws, scouts, bandits, Indians, Mormons, miners, cattle thieves, train robbers—gentlemen and gunmen—bankers and horse thieves—good women and bad women—all those indomitable, devil-may-care adventurers who, with spirits high and guns spitting fire, rode and fought their way over the mountains and across the plains of the Golden West.

**No set of books can compare with these in interest and entertainment.** They are more than literature, they are history and life. Better than any other writer, Zane Grey knows these gallant, heroic men and women of the old West. He has lived with them, in ranch house and cabin. He has shared their fun and their privations.

**That is why these books of Zane Grey's will live forever and ever.** *The U. P. Trail, To the Last Man, Wildfire, Wanderer of the Wasteland, The Lone Star Ranger, The Light of Western Stars, Desert Gold, Riders of the Purple Sage, The Rainbow Trail, The Border Legion, Heritage of the Desert, The Mysterious Rider.*

### Short-time 33 1/3% Bargain Offer

Recognizing the permanent literary and historical value of these masterpieces that have sold singly by the hundred thousand copies at much higher prices, and responding to the insistent popular demand for a Uniform Set, we now present this First and Only *Uniform* Edition of Zane Grey—the Home-library Edition.

Through the co-operation of Zane Grey and his publishers, both of whom have generously agreed to cut their royalties to a minimum, we are able to make an especially attractive offer. *For the first time*, you may have the wonderful, gripping, famous novels of Zane Grey—*uniformly bound* in a handsome, permanent, beautifully printed library edition—at a startlingly low price—a reduction of 33⅓% off the regular publishers' price for the single volumes.

### Complete Sets Free on Approval

Furthermore, you needn't pay a single cent until you have seen, examined and read the books in your own home. If, for any reason, you do not find the books all that you desire, just send them back before the ten days are up, and you won't owe us a penny.

### But Act At Once

This remarkable set of books has been issued in a limited edition only. So, if you want to be *sure* of getting yours, you must act *at once*. Fill in and mail the coupon *to-day*. Life will be infinitely more splendid—more gloriously worth living after that! Get your pen or pencil *now*—fill in and mail this coupon at once!

**McKinlay, Stone & Mackenzie**
*Dept. G-28*
**30 Irving Place New York**

*Tense situations, throbbing with drama! Conflicts provoked at a word, a look. Every page a thrill! Every chapter a gripping climax!*

CUT COUPON HERE

**McKinlay, Stone & Mackenzie**
*Dept. G-28*
**30 Irving Place**
**New York**

Please send me, on approval, all charges prepaid, your New Uniform Library edition of Zane Grey's Master Tales of the Golden West in 12 volumes, handsomely bound in buckskin-brown cloth.* If I decide to keep the books, I will send you $1 promptly and further pay you $1 a month for only 14 months. Otherwise I will return the set within 10 days of receipt at your expense.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

*The beautiful and durable Artcraft binding of Zane Grey costs but a few cents more a volume and is proving a favorite. For this rich binding, change the above to $1.50 a month for the same number of months.

PRESS OF WILLIAM GREEN, NEW YORK